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We have very little to add to this unvarnished and painful account. Notwithstanding the efforts very properly made by the Americans as counsel for Terranova, to prove Terranova wholly unconcerned in the death of *Ko-leang-she*, we understand from the best authority, that though he was probably innocent of the crime of murder, he was as probably the cause of the woman's death. The conduct of the *Pon-ue* was harsh, tyrannical, and cruel; but it may no doubt be justly said in apology for him, that a course of conduct essentially different, would probably have cost him his life. For the unwarrantable insinuations of the *Quarterly Review*, that there was a really guilty person, an American, and that a poor foreigner was given up in his stead, our readers see there is not the slightest foundation.

In establishing this fact we have accomplished our object. It is no part of our design to discuss either the character of this transaction, or the general line of conduct, which ought to be pursued in such a case. It is easy for gentlemen reposing in their easy chairs at home, to say what ought to be done in difficult conjunctures abroad. Had Captain Cowpland attempted at the last to prevent Terranova from being taken from his ship, to say nothing of other consequences, his security merchant would have been hung: hung, because Captain Cowpland persisted in opposing the law of the land. Would this have mended the matter? But whatever may be thought of this, the insinuation in the *Quarterly Review* is, we trust, sufficiently disproved.

ART. IV. — *Life of Black Hawk.*

The Life of Mal-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kia-k or Black Hawk, dictated by Himself. pp. 155. Boston, 1834.

THIS book is a curiosity; an anomaly in literature. It is the only autobiography of an Indian extant, for we do not consider Mr. Apes and a few other persons of unmixed Indian blood, who have written books, to be Indians. They were indeed born of aboriginal parents, but their tastes, feelings and train of ideas, were derived from the whites, and they were and are, in all essential particulars, civilized men. Human

nature is substantially the same every where. Take an Indian child from his parents, in the hope of making him useful as a missionary or instructor, give him an insight into the truths of religion, and a competent knowledge of the benefits of art, science, and literature, and his expected usefulness is destroyed by the very means used to increase it. He returns to his connections in every respect but color a white man, and is to them what any other white man would be. If he writes, it is in the character of a white man. But here is an autobiography of a wild, unadulterated savage, gall yet fermenting in his veins, his heart still burning with the sense of wrong, the words of wrath and scorn yet scarce cold upon his lips, ('If you wish to fight us, come on,') and his hands still reeking with recent slaughter.

This book is also an anomaly in literature in another sense. It is almost the only one we have ever read, in which we feel perfect confidence, that the author sincerely believes that every thing he has set down is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. That it is the *bonâ fide* work of Black Hawk, we have the respectable testimony of Antoine Le Clair, the government interpreter for the Sacs and Foxes, and what (as we have not the honor of being acquainted with that gentleman,) we deem more conclusive, the intrinsic evidence of the work itself. We will venture to affirm, and (having long dwelt among the aborigines, we conceive ourselves entitled to do so,) that no one but a Sac Indian could have written or dictated such a composition. No white man, however great his ability may be, could have executed a work so thoroughly and truly Indian. Many of the facts therein contained are, moreover, known to us to be true, and of many others we have the testimony of the oral tradition of the country. We think, therefore, we may say that the authenticity of the work is unquestionable. As for the truth of the facts related, who ever knew an Indian warrior to boast of feats he never achieved? Indians will, indeed, lie, steal and cheat, but when put upon honor, as Black Hawk is in the present case, their word is as good authority as the white man's oath. The only drawback upon our credence is the intermixture of courtly phrases, and the figures of speech, which our novelists are so fond of putting into the mouths of Indians. These are, doubtless, to be attributed to the bad taste of Black Hawk's amanuensis.

No Indian, for example, would think of a formal dedication, yet we find the memoirs of Black Hawk inscribed to General Atkinson. The term *pale faces*, often applied to the whites in this book, was, we think, never in the mouth of any American savage, excepting in the fanciful pages of Mr. Cooper. There are many more phrases and epithets of the like nature, and we only mention them, because we think it is time that authors should cease to make Indians talk sentiment.

A synopsis of this singular work will not, perhaps, be unacceptable to our readers. It begins with an account of the traditions of the Sacs, for which, in their minute particulars, little credit is due. It appears, however, that the tribe were originally settled in the neighborhood of Montreal, and that they were driven back, step by step, to the western shores of Lake Michigan, and thence to the Mississippi. This statement is corroborated by the fact, that they suffered a terrible defeat on the Fox River, at a place, thence called 'the Hillock of the Dead.' In this battle, the French and their native allies nearly exterminated the Sacs, who, reduced to a few families, retreated to the Mississippi. Here they joined the Foxes, a kindred tribe, drove the Kas-kas-kias from the country, and founded several villages. Black Hawk was born rather more than half a century ago, at the mouth of Rock River.

We have seen Black Hawk in that country, and have always heard him mentioned as a dangerous and formidable warrior; but we were not prepared for such a detail of exploits as he himself has given, nor should we believe it, had it come from any mouth but his own. At the age of fifteen, he wounded an enemy in battle; soon after, he slew an Osage, in a manner which gives a vivid and true idea of the horrors of Indian warfare.

'Standing by my father's side I saw him kill his antagonist, and tear the scalp from his head. Fired with valor and ambition, I rushed furiously upon another, smote him to the earth with my tomahawk, ran my lance through his body, took off his scalp, and returned in triumph to my father. He said nothing, but looked pleased.'

This may serve to show in what manner an Indian boy is educated, and the spirit by which he is animated. 'After a

few moons,' Black Hawk, with seven followers, attacked a hundred Osages, killed one and came off without losing a man. He next led a party of a hundred and eighty men against the same enemy. All his warriors but five deserted him, but he persevered, 'thanking the Great Spirit that so many remained.' His patience was rewarded with the slaughter of two persons, a man and a *boy*. The Osages retaliated, and in his nineteenth year, Black Hawk went against them with two hundred warriors. They met the enemy, and a desperate battle ensued. Our hero killed five men and a woman, and the Osages lost a hundred men in all. This account is subject to some deduction. General accounts of battles are usually founded, (especially among Indians) upon conjecture and rumor, but what the old man says he did, may be received as certain. In a battle with the Cherokees, the father of Black Hawk was mortally wounded, but had the pleasure of killing his adversary, and of seeing his son take his place as leader of the band. The son slew three men in the conflict; then returned sad and sorrowful to his native village, went into mourning, (which means, that he blackened his face with soot, suffered his hair to grow, fasted and prayed,) and remained quiet five years.

The details of this petty, dangerous warfare, are scarcely more important, inasmuch as they led to no important result, than the squabbles of wolves and foxes, but they serve to convey some idea of Indian life. In the conflicts above-mentioned and in others, Black Hawk states, that he put to death thirty-four persons of different nations, men, women, and children, with his own hand. If it should be supposed that his personal prowess is thus intended to be made a matter of boast, the reader would be egregiously deceived. Physical force, or even animal bravery, is not the quality most essential to renown in Indian wars. Prudence, cunning, and adroitness, are the preëminent characteristics of the Indian warrior. To strike the enemy without risk to his own person, and to injure him in every possible manner, is the main object. To destroy many of a hostile tribe is reckoned a glorious act in a war party, but to do it without loss on their own side, is incomparably more glorious. Though brave enough, and, indeed, too brave for the good of mankind and himself, the Indian warrior takes every imaginable care of his own person. To fight hand to hand, or expose himself to the shot of a foe,

would win him little praise, for admiration of his bravery would be largely qualified by contempt for what would be called his folly. Few, probably, of the victims of Black Hawk were slain in fair combat. We did not see, nor have we heard the particulars of any of the battles in which he acquired his distinction, but we think we can describe the way in which they were gained. The enemy were taken by surprise, and a few were slain before they were aware of an attack. While the battle lasted, there was little harm done. Each combatant availed himself of every bush, every tree, every cover that could protect his person. When the day was decided, the confusion and slaughter began, and the victims fell unresisting. In this view of the matter, the statement of Black Hawk, which might otherwise seem an empty boast, is easily credited. Nor is his moral character to be judged by the rules of Christianity, of which he knew nothing, or by the principles which govern the chivalry of civilized nations. Like other Indians, with whom revenge is virtue, he was taught from his infancy to be strong to inflict, and stubborn to endure. He was told by his father, that to take two lives for one was a duty he owed to his tribe. All who spoke to him told him, that the destruction of all unfriendly to his country was the height of glory, and that to injure them in any way, was but a lawful spoiling of the Egyptians. If a man child fell into their hands they slew it, not because it was capable of doing them any harm, but because it might one day attain the strength and stature of a dangerous enemy. A woman was put to death, because she might become the mother of children, who might destroy their own. The refinements of modern chivalry, the tenderness due to the weaker sex, are things of which Black Hawk never heard. Such principles are the natural consequence of the state of aboriginal society. Divided into small tribes, each of which is at enmity with its neighbors, the loss of a man is a loss indeed. Hence the Indian takes good care of himself, and justly thinks he has inflicted a severe blow on the enemy, when he has destroyed one of their number, no matter how treacherously. But they are by no means deficient in courage when circumstances demand its exercise, nor is there a people under the sun, who hold a coward in greater contempt. There was, probably, not one of the warriors who fought with and under Black Hawk, who, if brought to the stake, would not have died mocking his

tormentors, or who would have surrendered to any odds, under circumstances which would have degraded him in the estimation of his compeers.

Yet it is pleasant and honorable to human nature, to see that these savage warriors are sometimes compassionate and magnanimous. Let a man declare himself 'worthy of pity,' and he disarms their resentment at once. We have known several instances, where a defenceless individual has gone among them in search of a captive wife or daughter, and has not only been spared by them, on account of his bravery and forlorn situation, but has been dismissed in safety and honor, and loaded with presents. Every one, who has been practically acquainted with Indian society, will recollect cases of this kind. Black Hawk himself, ruthless as he has often been, is an exemplification of this rude feeling of chivalry. Having led a party against the Osages, and finding but six men, he 'thought it cowardly to kill them.' He therefore made them prisoners and delivered them to the Spanish governor at St. Louis. At another time he made an inroad into the Cherokee country, and took five prisoners, four of whom, being males, he released. Great as was his hatred to this people (who had slain his father), he could not kill so small a party. Once, having a very serious injury to avenge, and having already commenced hostilities *à la mode des Sacs*, he had an opportunity to destroy two little boys without danger to himself, but 'he thought of his own children and passed on without noticing them.' Indeed, it appears throughout the work, that, though Black Hawk was a thorough savage, he had yet a strong sense of honor, personal dignity, and generosity. On many occasions he was an advocate for mercy.

When Black Hawk heard that the Spanish settlers of Missouri were to be superseded by Americans, it made him sad, because 'he had always heard bad accounts of the Americans from the Indians who had lived near them.' Let us observe that this feeling of dislike to our countrymen is by no means confined to the Sacs and Foxes, and that it is not altogether without reason. The cause is plain. Our settlers, always advancing into the forest, encroach upon the Indians, and establish themselves too near them. The good qualities of the savages are only apparent in their intercourse with each other; all their bad ones operate upon the stranger, who is not

usually slow to annoy as he is annoyed. Petty disputes arise, ill blood is engendered, mutual wrong is done, and as soon as the whites become strong enough, blood is shed, and the Indians are driven from the land of their fathers. They have no historians to record their grievances, and we believe the case before us is the only one, where the vanquished lion has found a voice to tell what wrong aroused his angry might, or by what means he was taken in the toils. What follows will be a sufficient corroboration of these remarks. It was not so when the officers of Spain, France, and Britain had some degree of power in the Indian countries, and it will be found that the name of Frenchman, or Englishman, is a passport to the good will of the natives, while that of American is the direct contrary. When General Pike (then a captain) ascended the Mississippi, in 1801, he desired Black Hawk's people to give up their British flags and medals and receive others in exchange; they declined, 'because they wished to have two fathers.' Soon after an affair took place, which was the original cause of all the difficulties, that have since arisen between the Sacs and Foxes, and the United States. We shall endeavor to make it as clear as possible.

An American borderer was killed by a Sac, who was taken to St. Louis for trial. The chiefs sent a deputation of four persons to St. Louis to release the murderer, by paying the price of blood, which is a practice among themselves, and which they fondly thought was also the law of the whites. They explained their business to the governor, who immediately availed himself of the circumstance to accomplish the desire of the government. He pressed them to cede a large tract of land, and they complied, expecting that their friend would be released in order to his return home with them. The promise was kept to the ear and broken to the sense. The Indian was indeed released from prison, but had not gone many yards from it, when he was shot dead by one of the friends of the man he had slain. This was the true commencement of hostilities with the Sacs and Foxes. We of course do not vouch for it, but the circumstances, which are very minutely related, correspond strictly with Indian manners and habits of thinking. We know that compensation for murder or vicarious punishment has been often proffered by them to the whites in perfect good faith and sincerity. We

know that the white man was murdered, that the treaty was made, and that the offending Sac was murdered in his turn. The government, we know, is not responsible for the lawless acts of individuals, unless it neglect to employ the means, fairly within its control, to restrain and punish them. Neither is there any thing inconsistent with justice or morality, in holding out the pardon of an Indian, who has forfeited his life to our laws, as an inducement, among other considerations, of a cession of land; but a cession thus obtained probably leaves behind it a root of bitterness, in the Indian mind.

But this is not the most objectionable mode, in which their lands have been acquired. What our eyes have seen we are constrained to believe, and we state the following as the means by which cessions of land are usually obtained of the Indians. The whites encroach and settle upon their territory. They increase greatly in number in a short time, and representations are soon made to the government, concerning the value of the land and the necessity of buying it. Commissioners are sent, large presents are made to the chiefs, (formerly whisky was copiously distributed,) and their ears are filled with the glory and power of the whites. Such representations are not, however, needed to convince them either of the ability or the will of the United States to oppress them, and they usually sell, what they think would otherwise be taken by force. Should they prove refractory, however, 'a staff is quickly found to beat a dog.' Indians are disagreeable neighbors; when they are hungry, they do not think it sin to steal a barn-door fowl, a basket of corn, nor even a swine from the enemy. Both parties hate each other bitterly. The Indians hate us because they consider us tyrants and robbers; we hate them as troublesome, and sometimes drunken rogues, who stand in the way of our interest, and whose enmity we have good reason to fear. Petty aggression and retaliation become the order of the day. Neither party has any court to appeal to, and the Indians would not, probably, appeal to ours if they could. Blood is finally shed, and the newspapers are speedily filled with tales of savage barbarity. The arm of government is called to the aid of the whites. The Indians have no advocates, know not how to plead their own cause, and would not be regarded if they did. They resist, are beaten, (well if they are not exterminated), they sue for peace, their lands pay the expenses of the war, and thus the object of the settlers is gained. We do not be-

lieve that we have given this picture a shadow of color too strong. If any one thinks that we have, let him inquire of some person who has returned from the West, and he will find that both parties concerned hold each other in the most deadly hatred: and if he want facts, let him apply to some one acquainted with the history of the Winnebago war; let him read the biography of Black Hawk,—let him study the printed volume of Indian treaties.

In the treaty entered into by Black Hawk's deputation, to which we have already alluded, the Sacs and Foxes got, besides the pardon of their countrymen (which was nullified as soon as granted,) a thousand dollars a year, for a tract of country greater in extent than very many of the States in the Union, and as fertile and rich in natural resources as almost any of them. It was made and signed by four persons only, and those not authorized by the nation. This was in eighteen hundred and four, at which time the most remote American settlements were but a few miles above St. Louis. They now extend to Prairie du Chien, a distance of between five and seven hundred miles. Five years ago, the band of Black Hawk formed the only interruption to their continuity, and the opinion was then publicly expressed by the writer of this article, that within five years, some pretext would be found to dispossess the Sacs and Foxes of their lead mines. Three had not elapsed when the prophecy had been accomplished.

Soon after the negotiation of the treaty, Fort Madison was built below the Des Moines rapids, much to the dissatisfaction of Black Hawk and his people. Each party seems to have been afraid of the other, and though there was some show of hostilities, none actually took place. It was not till he had been wrought upon by the celebrated prophet, brother of Tecumseh, and till the Winnebagoes had made several successful butchering excursions, that Black Hawk joined the latter. They laid siege to Fort Madison, which was gallantly defended by Lieutenant Hamilton, for several days, against a great disparity of force. Black Hawk's account of this transaction does not strictly agree with the one we have heard from the mouth of that excellent officer, and he says nothing of the measures taken by the American authorities to compel the Indians to remain at peace, but of which the effect was to drive them to war. Indeed, the old man seems to have thought every thing, not directly relative to himself, out of his province

as a biographer. He admits, also, that his memory has not been very good, since his late visit to the East, and truly his misfortunes might well have injured the faculties of a younger man.

About this time an occurrence happened, that laid the whole Sac nation under the absolute necessity of making war on the United States, which only a small part of them were seriously resolved to do before. This matter would be wholly incomprehensible to most readers with only the words of Black Hawk for their guidance, and we shall therefore endeavor to explain them. The system of Indian trade, which had long obtained in the country, had been established by the British traders, and was, before it was greatly overdone, well adapted to the wants of the savages. The custom was to supply each hunter, at the commencement of the hunting season, with such goods, arms, and ammunition, as would enable him to support his family during the winter, and payment was rendered in the spring. But, as the life of the hunter is precarious, some were disqualified from hunting by sickness, the annoyance of Indian enemies, and various causes, and as many proved lazy and dishonest, the trader could not reasonably calculate on receiving more than about two-thirds of his due. To prevent certain loss, therefore, he charged his Indian debtor fifty per cent. advance on cost, charges and profit, by which means the honest paid for the dishonest, the industrious for the idle, and the well for the sick, and the trader got his due. This system of trade was radically bad ;—it became known to those who had the management of Indian affairs, and their benevolence suggested a remedy which was certainly well meant, but the sudden operation of which proved worse than the disease. It was certain, however, that every Indian hunter paid for every gun, axe, or other article he bought, just twice as much as it was worth. It was therefore determined to establish certain trading houses in the country, to be called *Factories*, at which the savages were to be supplied at cost and charges, and no more. For several reasons, this apparently excellent scheme was productive of evil. The persons employed to procure goods for the *Factories* were wholly ignorant of the wants of the Indians. The guns, blankets, and many other articles furnished, were of very inferior quality to those sold by the British traders. Loads of goods were sent, for which the Indians had no use. We have seen, on the shelves of a *Factory*

store, cow-bells, pen-knives, infant's laced caps, and snuff-boxes, intended for the use of people to whom a cow was a curiosity, who knew not what a pen was, whose infants went in *puris naturalibus*, and who would not have taken a pinch of snuff on any account. Add to this that an Indian seldom or never has the means of paying for an article on the spot, and that the factors might charge what advance they pleased on their goods without the possibility of detection, a facility, of which it is shrewdly suspected that some of them largely availed themselves, and it will not appear strange that the Sacs found the Factories but a poor substitute for the stores of their old traders, who knew their wants, tastes, and capabilities to pay, as well as the best manner of conciliating their good will, a matter in which American traders are marvellously deficient even to this day.

The British traders had left the lower Mississippi. A delegation of the Sacs and Foxes went to Washington to see their 'Great Father,' the President, at the request of the authorities. He informed them that the British traders would no more be permitted to come among them, but that they should be *well* supplied by an American, meaning the Factor. They stated the necessity of receiving credit, and were answered, according to Black Hawk, that they should be so supplied. It is probable that the President was wholly ignorant of the manner in which the Indian trade was conducted, or that the conference was very loosely interpreted. The neglect to fulfil this promise, real or supposed, cost the lives of hundreds of brave men, whites and Indians.

The Sacs and Foxes were well pleased with the words of their Great Father, as they received them, and resolved to refrain from war. When, in the autumn, they repaired to the Factor, and asked for supplies, he denied them; he had received no orders, he had heard nothing of their Great Father's promise. With the prospect of absolute starvation before them, all was gloom and discontent. Their intercourse with the British had been cut off, they could get no hope of relief from the Americans. It was, in fact, declaring war upon them to deprive them of the means by which they had been accustomed to live, and on war they soon resolved. In their state of discontent and resentment, believing, not without cause, that the Americans were determined to starve them, and that their Great Father had told them a wilful falsehood, they were found

by the emissaries of the British government, the principal of whom was the celebrated Colonel Robert Dixon, a man of education, the most polished manners, of good family, of undaunted courage, of noble and generous feelings, and who had proved himself their sincere friend through a long course of years. Such as we describe him, and as we knew him, this gentleman had thrown off the manners of civilized life, which he never resumed, excepting when in company with whites, had married a squaw, by whom he had a large family, and was almost idolized by several tribes, to whom he taught the first lesson of humanity in war. By his own personal influence, the weight of his British commission, and the large presents he made them, Colonel Dixon found no great difficulty in persuading Black Hawk's people to join the British standard. Our hero immediately collected two hundred of his warriors for that purpose.

Before the disastrous mismanagement which thus drove this gallant tribe into belligerent alliance with England, they had been, for Indians, very peaceably disposed. It would appear that the fatal battle of the Butte des Morts had broken their spirit as well as their strength, for it was the habit of the neighboring tribes to call them *women*. Now they proved themselves men, — they fought in every battle. They were at Sandusky, where Black Hawk found occasion to disapprove of the *foolish* mode of fighting of the British and Americans. He was disgusted with the bad success of the campaign, and the lack of plunder, and returned to his own country. Here he found an old and dear friend, who had preserved his neutrality and had given no offence to the Americans. But white savages are to be found on the frontier, as well as red, and some of these had butchered this old man's only son, on whose filial piety he depended for support, in a manner at which Black Hawk would have shuddered. The old savage had scarcely finished his tale when he expired of grief, hardship and hunger. Black Hawk took his hand and pledged himself to avenge the death of his son, his own adopted. He did revenge it; — the battle of the *Sink Holes* will long be remembered for the desperate bravery with which the Indians defended themselves, though there was not much loss on either side.

After several adventures Black Hawk and his people remained tolerably quiet, till five gun-boats came up the Mississippi from St. Louis. They were full of soldiers who were

intended to reinforce the garrison at Prairie du Chien. They were too late, however. The British forces had already taken possession of that post. Black Hawk was apprised of this fact by messengers, who solicited him and his warriors to aid the arms of their old allies. They consented and pursued the boats by land. He overtook them in the Rock River Rapids, where one of them was driven ashore by the wind. 'The Great Spirit gave this boat to Black Hawk.' He attacked her, set her on fire, and slew more than half the crew. The Indians put out the fire and took possession of the boat and cargo. It consisted of whisky, which our hero caused to be spilled, and a box 'of such *bad medicine* as the *medicine* men kill the white people with when they get sick.' There was also a considerable quantity of other plunder. This exploit was achieved with the loss of only two Sacs. The day after, other gun-boats appeared, bringing the American garrison down the river, and Black Hawk, having been supplied with a 'big gun' by his allies, cannonaded her with some success.

At the conclusion of the war Black Hawk, like other Indians who had done us a great deal of mischief, made his peace with the United States, and signed the treaty without knowing what he did. 'What do we know of the laws and customs of the white people?' says he. 'They might buy our bodies for dissection, and we would touch the goose-quill to confirm it, without knowing what we are doing.' Here follows such a description of the manners of his tribe, as an Indian only could give.

Harder times approached. The vicinity of the whites had, as usual, a bad effect on the morals and happiness of his band. They drank more whisky than formerly, and became dishonest. Two of our hero's children died, and he mourned for them for two years, — that is, he painted his face black, gave away all his property, and fasted rigidly for that time. After this he renewed his acquaintance with his former allies by going to Malden in Canada, where he received some gifts, and was promised more. The whites were fast settling his country, and abused him and his people. On one occasion, he was seized by three of them and severely beaten with sticks. 'How,' says he, 'could we like people who treated us so unjustly?' The treaty was now first explained to him, and he was told for the first time, that he must leave his village and lands.

Keokuck, a prudent and crafty chief, who acted more for the advantage of his tribe than Black Hawk, by keeping well with the whites, and increasing his influence by their countenance, consented to go, but the spirit of the old warrior revolted at the idea. Being assured by one of the deputation formerly mentioned, that when he signed the treaty, it was not explained to him as it was now interpreted, he raised the standard of opposition to Keokuck. While the tribe was thus divided, white people arrived among them, settled in their very villages, and quarrelled among themselves respecting the boundary lines of lands to which, whatever might be the case with the United States, *they* had not the shadow of a moral or legal right. Black Hawk ordered them off, and complained to the Indian agents, but in vain. Other intruders appeared and settled. Keokuck, knowing the power of the whites, and haply desirous of supplanting Black Hawk in the estimation of the tribe, temporised; whereat the aged hero was exceedingly indignant. 'He considered him a coward and no brave man, thus to abandon his native village to strangers, and there was no more friendship between them.' There is a good deal of homely pathos in the pages in which he broods over his wrongs. 'What right,' says he, 'had these people to our village and our fields, which the Great Spirit had given us to live upon?' Whoever wishes to see an exemplification of the system of petty grievances, by which Indians are driven to despair, by their white neighbors, will do well to read this part of the volume attentively. It will show him the truth of the remarks we have made on the subject in another page.

Beaten, plundered and abused by their neighbors, Black Hawk and his party complained to the authorities again and again without success. At the same time the whites complained of them, made themselves out the injured party, and the Indians the intruders, and called on the government to protect their property. Let the result show and the reader judge, which was the right side. There was undoubtedly a great deal of mutual wrong, but the whites only were believed, and their complaints alone regarded. Black Hawk's village and grounds were sold to individuals, and his people were told that if they did not remove peaceably they should be compelled. The chief stated his case to several agents and governors, British and American, saying that he had never sold his lands. They all told him that his Great Father would do him justice,

and that if he had not alienated his property, it would not be taken from him. They spoke, probably, on a proper sense of the broad principles of justice which regulated the dealings of civilized people among themselves, forgetting that the Indians had neither the knowledge nor the means to state and urge their claims, and that they had no advocate. Their opinions, however, determined Black Hawk to hold out to the last.

Some subsequent transactions took place, which sadly puzzled Black Hawk. A small fraction of the territory ceded by the treaty so often mentioned, to the United States, for a thousand dollars *per annum*, had been given to the Pottawattamies. The United States now bought this fraction back again for sixteen thousand dollars a year. Black Hawk was wholly unable to comprehend that a small part could be worth more than the whole, for it never entered into his mind that the settlement of a territory could increase its value a hundred fold. He 'began to doubt whether the Americans had any standard of right and wrong.'

Even now the Hawk was willing to give up the ground he had taken, if he could have done it honorably, 'for the sake of the women and children.' He made some overtures to the officers of government, which were rejected, whereupon he resolved to remain in his village, and if the military should come, to submit to his fate without resistance. Some new aggressions made him change his resolution. He compelled those whites, who were ploughing up his corn-fields, to remove by violent threats. General Gaines came up the Mississippi with troops, and a council was held. The Indians were told that if they did not cross the river within two days, they should be compelled. They did cross it, and Black Hawk again 'touched the goose-quill,' and determined to remain at peace. Corn was given them in lieu of that which they had left growing, but it proved inadequate to their wants. The women and children clamored for their 'roasting ears, beans and squashes.' A party went back to get these *desiderata*, but were fired on for attempting to steal from the very fields they had planted. In all these transactions, there was undoubtedly much misapprehension on both sides. The whites could not see why compliance with what was considered a fair treaty was refused. The Indians could not believe that such a treaty had ever been made, or, if it had been made, that it could possibly be just and binding. The difficulty was increased by the fact,

that neither party could understand the other. We are persuaded that, could Black Hawk and his counsellors have been permitted to plead their own cause on the floor of Congress, attended with a competent interpreter, all the misery, expense, and bloodshed which ensued, might have been prevented.

Neapope, one of Black Hawk's band, who had been sent to Malden on a mission to the British agent, now returned. The answer he brought from that functionary must either have been dictated by the spirit of falsehood, (which is not likely, as the Indian had no motive to deceive) or the conference must have been misinterpreted or misunderstood. He brought word, that if the Americans should make war on the Sacs, the latter should be assisted. This answer never could have been given by the English officer. The British government had no interest whatever in stirring up a petty war, far within our borders, and the agent could have had neither authority to make such a promise, nor power to perform it. The prophet, who seems to have been a lying knave, as most Indian prophets are, gave further assurances of aid from the British, and from four of the neighboring tribes. Keokuck told the old chief that he had been imposed upon by liars, and had better remain quiet, and so it proved.

Black Hawk mustered all his forces and ascended the Mississippi, and demonstrations of approaching war were made on both sides. The chief bade General Atkinson defiance, and moved up Rock river to join the prophet. He soon learned, that the promises of foreign aid which he had received were delusive. The Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes were not disposed to render him any assistance. They even refused him provisions for his followers.

The first blood appears to have been shed by the whites. Seeing a party of mounted militia approaching him, Black Hawk sent three messengers to desire a conference. They were taken prisoners, and, if the Indian account is to be believed, one of them was treacherously murdered. The Sacs immediately discomfited this party and slew several of them, with some loss on their own part. This statement differs essentially from that in the newspapers only in one particular. It was said that the Sacs were the first to begin the fight. Black Hawk does not pretend to speak from his own knowledge, and we have no means of coming at the exact truth.

War was thus commenced. Several skirmishes took place, and many persons were killed, because, having neither resources nor strength, the Hawk was unwilling to adopt any decisive measures. It is a sufficient testimonial of his courage and military talent to say, that with a half-starved band of about five hundred men, encumbered with women and children, he eluded a much larger force, supplied with food, cavalry and all the munitions of war, and never came in contact with the whites, without giving them some cause to regret the meeting. His skill and bravery, however, availed him nothing,—he was hemmed in on all sides, and hunger made fearful deductions from his little strength. Some of the feeblest of his party actually perished of starvation.

The scene of this campaign, which proved so terrible to the Sacs, was the country between the Rock and Wisconsin rivers, on the east side of the Mississippi. Inland, the country about the Four Lakes is swampy, and full of ponds and thickets. To this position Black Hawk at first retreated, rightly judging that it would cost the pursuing enemy much trouble to get at him. Here he remained till hunger drove him out, when he moved upon the Wisconsin, intending to recross the Mississippi, which done, he would have been in comparative safety. The white army pursued, and overtook him at the Wisconsin, but he covered the retreat of his party with a band of fifty of his most determined warriors, and effected his passage with little loss. His forces now began to break up. He himself gained the Mississippi, with many followers. Seeing the steamboat Warrior approaching, he hoisted a white flag and would have surrendered, but those on board, mistaking his purpose, opened a heavy fire upon him. The only chance that now remained for his party was to cross the great river. While they were making rafts for this purpose, the pursuing army came upon them, and, according to Black Hawk, refused them quarter. Many were slain, and many perished in the attempt to swim across. Of those who did cross, many were starving women and children, and their ancient enemies, the Dahcotahs, took advantage of their distress to slaughter a great number of them. This final battle was fought at the mouth of the River Bad Axe.

This was probably, the most disastrous Indian campaign of modern times. It was begun in delusion and continued without hope. It ended in misery and horror inexpressible ; half

the Sac tribe are supposed to have perished, but not in vain. It has taught the tribes of the north-west a lesson which they never can forget. It was a bloody one, but, like the invention of fire-arms, it will ultimately save much blood. The Indians are by no means destitute of reasoning powers, and they cannot but see, that resistance against any claim of the United States, just or unjust, is the very worst policy they can pursue. Hereafter, it is probable, that whenever a wish is expressed to remove them from their lands, they will readily comply on the best terms they can make, since any resistance they can offer will but protract the catastrophe and render it more appalling. They have long known that they are no match for us in negotiation; they are now convinced that they are no match for us in arms. The barbarous chivalry of the race will decay; for they cannot but see that it leads to certain ruin, and few men, however brave or obstinate, will rush to inevitable destruction. Such men as Black Hawk will no longer be their objects of emulation. They will rather place their trust in the pacific wisdom of such as Keokuck, because they see that it is their present, if not their ultimate safety. We think, too, that the discomfiture of Black Hawk affords some hope of the civilization of the remnant of his people. They have had enough of glory, their spirit is broken. They were ever more settled in their habits than their neighbors, and have had, ever since we knew them, a better sense of a distinction of property, which we take to be the corner-stone of the system of social improvement. Certainly no Indian tribe has for many years offered so fair a field to the missionary, as the Sacs and Foxes do now.

It is a little singular that in almost every tribe who have had dealings with us, there should be men of characters similar to those of Keokuck and Black Hawk; but the matter may be easily explained. Before they have the misfortune to become intimately acquainted with us, military abilities are most useful, and are consequently held most honorable in the tribe. When they come in contact with the whites, some individual, more crafty and less energetic than the war chief, finds another road to influence and distinction. He finds that by temporising and according with the views of his new neighbors, he obtains more means of increasing the number of his partisans. The war chief has the sympathies of the people on his side, the peace chief has their judgment. Many instances might be

given. Sassacus, the war chief of the Pequods, resisted, and his tribe perished. Uncas, chief of a branch of the same tribe, truckled to the whites, and saved himself and his followers for a while. MacIntosh was the Keokuck of the Creeks. There are many peace chiefs among the Dahcotahs, but they have a war chief named Wapahshah, who is body and soul an Indian, and cares not a straw for all the whites on earth.

To return to the narrative style: Black Hawk escaped from the battle of the Bad Axe, and took refuge among the Winnebagoes. He there expressed his intention to surrender to the whites, and his hosts made a merit of delivering him up. He was taken down the Mississippi and confined for a while in Jefferson barracks, and compelled to wear *the ball and chain*, the badge of a military felon. Some of our readers may not know what this equipment is; it is easily explained. A twelve inch shell is attached to the ankle of the convict, by a chain some six feet long. We perfectly agree with what Black Hawk says of this dishonorable treatment of a vanquished foe, and we know enough of Indian character to be sure that his words are strict truth, so far as they express his feelings and opinions. We would have been answerable for him, body for body, when once he had given his word not to escape.

‘We were now confined to the barracks,’ says he, ‘and forced to wear the ball and chain. This was extremely mortifying and altogether useless. Was the White Beaver (General Atkinson) afraid that I would break out of his barracks and run away? Or was he ordered to inflict this punishment upon me? If I had taken him prisoner on the field of battle, I would not have wounded his feelings so much, by such treatment,—knowing that a brave war chief would prefer death to dishonor. But I do not blame the White Beaver for the course he pursued;—it is the custom among white soldiers, and, I suppose, was a part of his duty.’

The Hawk is mistaken;—it was no part of his duty, nor is it the custom of white soldiers. The ball and chain are attached to convicts and never to prisoners of war. We may say here, that no knight who ever wore spurs could have felt anything approaching an indignity more keenly than an Indian chief does. We dare aver that the Hawk would rather have died, than have suffered the disgraceful iron to touch him.

The rest of the story of Black Hawk is generally known. He has returned to his people degraded, as far as it is in the

power of the whites to degrade him. But no authority can hinder his tribe from regarding their last champion with respect and admiration, or diminish the influence which his unfortunate campaign had left him. The ceremony of degrading him from his rank was but a vain form. In the esteem of the Sacs he is still 'every inch a king.' We think we may affirm that his death would occasion a much more lively and enduring sorrow, than that of the wiser Keokuck.

ART. V. — *Memoir of Dr. Godman.*

Memoir of Dr. Godman. By THOMAS SEWALL, M. D.,
Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Columbian
College, Washington, D. C. 1830.

It is a remark of Dr. Johnson, 'that a physician, in a great city, seems to be the mere plaything of fortune. His degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual. They that employ him, know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency. By any acute observer, who has looked on the transactions of the medical world for the last half century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of physicians.' Although we do not agree with the great moralist, in these sweeping and unqualified assertions, yet we believe that they are correct to a certain extent, and that if the picture be not a likeness it is at least a caricature. The reception of Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood strikingly illustrates the truth of a part of Dr. Johnson's remark. From the moment he began to be generally known as the propounder of such *a wild and extravagant theory*, his practice, as a physician, suffered a serious diminution.

This injustice and uncertainty in the public estimate of medical character, cannot but have an injurious and withering influence on the profession itself, — depressing the energies of the mind, and chilling those generous aspirations of well-regulated ambition, which have so often contributed to elevate and dignify human character, and so frequently conferred the greatest blessings on mankind. When a physician sees, as is too often the case, that his best efforts for the advancement of